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The Camosun

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19-Matric Number-24

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The CAMOSUN

VOLUME XVI. JUNE, *1924* NUMBER 3

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TABLE *of* CONTENTS

Valedictory ..... page 6
Matric Idols 7-11
Editorial 12
Portia Society 14
Beta Delta 16
Personals 18-36
Athletics 37
Social News 40
Exchanges 41
Blots and Splashes 42
Rumbling Rhythms—
"The Smugsley House Gazette" 43
"With a Moral" 44
Verse—"Alma Mater" 46
Our Jealous Rivals 46
Verse—"Twilight" 47
News Stand 48

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Valedictory

WE have climbed at last, after three long and weary years, to the topmost rung of the ladder, and are preparing to fare forth into the world, leaving the old haunts far behind. Yet, although we do so with a certain sense of joy, there comes a pang of regret into our hearts, and we find it difficult to turn and leave the old school for ever behind us. Friendships have been formed, which may be momentary or lifelong, but, in either case, it seems hard to tear ourselves from those who have become dear to us, and retain them only as dim memories of happy times in the past. But we must not let our hungry thoughts linger with the past, nor yet our sorrowing ones with the present; it is the future, and what it holds in store for us, that must occupy our minds. And the mere knowledge of our companions and their likeness in thought to our own, the memory of their labourings, patriotism and endurance should come to be our guiding star and help us to traverse with greater ease the stony paths of our future lives.

R. D.

Matric Idols

GEORGE STARK

After an absence of three years, "Sparky" has again come into our midst, to find himself the most popular boy of the year. He was elected to the most eminent position of President of the Matriculation Organization and head prefect, and he has filled both offices with admirable ardour and goodwill. He also made a splendid showing as Bassanio in the Matric Play. Moreover, George has given his utmost support to every activity and has worked like a Trojan, with the result that everything he has handled has been a great success. In short, "Sparky," with his illimitable patience and cheery smile, is something that old V. H. S. will find it very hard to replace.

HOPE LEEMING

Hope will always be remembered in the history of the school for her wonderful representation of Portia in the Matric Play. The grace and poise with which she bore herself in her part charmed everyone, and her prowess as an actress is well established. She also took part in the annual gymnasium display, and as an artist we indeed owe her much for her delightful cover designs for the Camosun. Yet it is disappointing that so little can be said about her with regard to the activities of the school. Hope is popular with everyone and there is no doubt whatever that if she had accepted the positions which were open to her at the beginning of the year, she would have proved a real pillar of strength and resourcefulness.

GEORGE KNOX

If one combines dignity, good-nature, shrewdness and common-sense, one will have a fairly satisfactory estimate of the character of George. His ability to act was clearly revealed in his fine work in the Play, as Antonio, while as a sportsman he has surely left no stone unturned, participating in Rugby, grass-hockey and lacrosse, and proving himself no mean player in any one of them. George also upholds the dignified and responsible positions of President of the Beta Delta and Major of the Cadet Corps; while, glancing nearer home, we find him in sceptred splendour as President of Div. I. Last, but not least, he is a member of that hard-working band—the Prefects. In closing, we would like to say that George has proved himself a man of real worth and one who, when he takes his place in the world, should make a leader of men.

Wheeler-Fort Photo

Matric Idols

RICHARD DIESPECKER

Editor-in-chief of the Camosun, a vigorous actor, Prefect, Platoon Sergeant in the Cadets, three-quarter on the Rugby squad, and a great debater; such things are only a few of Dick's accomplishments, for it would take volumes to enter into an accurate account of his work for V. H. S. An actor in an important role, which he carried off with marvellous execution, he is still affectionately known as "Old Shylock." The applause he has received is tremendous, not only on the stage as the old Jew, but on the library floor as a captivating and eloquent orator of no mean power. Justice cannot be done to "Dies" in this short space, but it must suffice that he is best in all he undertakes, and first in everything. May the old school have many more such as he.

AUDREY JOST

Audrey is one of our stern prefects and is Division II's Representative for the Matric Organization. Of course, everyone knows that to be in any way connected with Div. II is the greatest honor, yet she does not seem at all affected by her various positions, and her modesty is much appreciated and admired by all. Audrey worked hard for the less interesting side of the Play—the financial part—and was one of the many who gave both their time and assistance with a good will. But the nicest bit of all we have kept till the last, she is captain of the basketball team, which is the pride of the school and has won us many honours. Audrey is an all-round sport and manages to take part in all the activities and keep well up in her studies at the same time. How does she do it?

ELMER CHARLTON

Bassanio said: "Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing ——." Yes! but then Bassanio never saw "Chili" work. The word "work" is indeed a splendid personification of "Chili." It is a well-known fact that he has participated in practically everything of importance in the Victoria High School. He is the captain of both the grass-hockey and soccer teams; a member of the Rugby squad; a captain in the Cadet Corps; Vice-President of the Athletic Association, and, moreover, a Prefect. Yet this is by no means a complete list of his mighty works. He also made a conspicuous success in his rendering of the character of Gratiano in the play, when his naturalness of bearing and bantering speeches called forth the applause of the audience time after time. In fact there is no doubt whatever as to the greatness of "Chili's" powers, popularity and pep.

Wheeler-Fort Photo

Matric Idols

MARY ROSS

We owe much to Mary for her energetic and capable business managing of the play. She was untiring in her efforts to give the caste a good time before the performances, and let it be mentioned that she did not fail. Mary is the President of the Portia and is keenly interested in all school activities. Her matric. year is to be remembered by the splendid services she has rendered.

ROBERT WALLACE

Bob is one of the most unobtrusive but popular members of V. H. S. Of offices he has a multiplicity, partakes in most games, being a doughty cricketer and a member of the grass-hockey team. He is indeed the mainstay on the back division of the latter eleven, although he does not have the appearance of a "shin-cracker." Not only is Bob an outdoor sportsman, but he is also the hope of his division in the Inter-Class Debating Contest. Yet, "tarry awhile!" Bob is his class Representative on the Matriculation Organization and one of those upholders of law and order, the Prefects. No one would expect him to be a husky rooter, yet he is second in command of that famous squad which cheers the old school to victory and glory. So may he attain the like in life.

IOLA WORTHINGTON

The Victoria High School has in Iola one of the steadiest and most hard-working basketball players that has ever been on the gym. floor. She has played with the senior team for three years, on two of which occasions they won the cup and, incidentally, the Championship of British Columbia. Iola is also an outdoor athlete, playing on the grass-hockey team, and, moreover, she took part in the annual gym. display. Truly a fine record, coupled with the fact that she was elected girls' Vice-President of the Athletic Association and Athletic Representative of her class. There is no doubt that when Iola leaves, the school will lose one who has been a general favorite, a fine athlete, and a splendid worker for Victoria High School.

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Matric Idols

GODFREY JONES

Godfrey is the little boy who turns up on prize day with a wheelbarrow to carry off his prizes. He is perhaps one of the most popular and successful athletes in the recent history of Victoria High. His success on the track has extended into numerous other branches of sport, among them being Rugby, soccer and lacrosse. He has further added to his laurels as a member of the gym squad, his work in this department having been the cause of a great deal of favourable comment, particularly during the recent gym display, when he appeared to advantage in a number of difficult individual stunts. But it is not solely his athletic capabilities that contribute to Godfrey's popularity. In addition to them he possesses a most cheerful and obliging personality, being always willing to lend a hand to any project in need of help.

BELINDA HAMILTON

Belinda has contributed this year a great deal towards the success of many of the school activities. She has always been a willing and cheerful helper and has participated in everything of importance. She made an excellent Secretary of the Athletic Association and Vice-President of Div. IV., besides which she was one of the dancers in the Play. Apart from her capability and readiness to work, "Bee" has been popular with all her companions and will leave many firm friends behind.

ARTHUR JONES

"Art" is, to say the least, one of the best business men the school has had in years. Venice, with all its merchants, couldn't hope to touch him as far as business transactions are concerned. How expenses decrease and profits increase when Arthur does the work at one of our functions! A musician of the first degree, he contributed in no mean fashion to the success of the musical parts of the Play, for mightily he wields, not the sword or the pen, but the bow of his violin. The chorus, too, is greatly indebted to him for the way in which he handled his instrument in the orchestra at their concert. There is no doubt as to "Art's" popularity, and his willing help will be greatly missed.

Wheeler-Fort Photo

Matric Idols

PHYLLIS FETHERSTONE

One of our most prominent school citizens is Phyllis Fetherstone. Everyone knows Phyllis, for she is both a debating and social leader. She may be depended upon at all times to show some real school spirit and lend a helping hand. Phyllis is also the Matric Representative and the Camosun Reporter of the well-known club, the Portia; nor do her duties stop there, for she also is the Class Reporter of Division 3.

REGINALD SHANKS

Reg has proved himself, during the past year, to be one of the best all-round sportsmen and athletes in the school. He is a coming championship soccer player and an excellent grass-hockey player. As a stick-handler on the ice he proved his worth when he journeyed to Vancouver with our little band of "die-hards." Above all, Reg is a Prefect and leader of the gym squad which made such a fine showing this year. Taking things all round, it will be hard to find one to fill his position next year, for Reg has taken a great interest in the school and participated whole-heartedly in its activities.

ALYS DOWNARD

Alys is a general favourite and is known throughout the school both for her singing and her lively portrayal of the young lover, Lorenzo, in the recent Matric Play. She is leader of the chorus, a well-merited position, and has more than once displayed her vocal abilities in different concerts produced by the school. Besides this, she is the owner of a very sunny smile, which goes a long way towards making up her popularity.

IT IS with real regret that I take up my pen to write this last message to the school, for, during the past year the success of the Camosun has been due in great part to the splendid support it has received from the student body. The spirit of co-operation which is so necessary in the completing of a great work has prevailed, perhaps even to a larger extent than during the fine showing which was made last year. It is with deep feeling then that we take this opportunity of thanking the school, as we lay aside our literary responsibilities for the year, and it is moreover our sincere hope—nay, more, our honest conviction, that the work will be carried on with even greater enthusiasm in the coming year.

Although the school as a whole has co-operated with us to a great extent, special thanks, I think, are due to Capt. Boyd and Mr. Cook, who gave both their time and advice in helping to make the magazine a success. Charlton, Davidson and Skillings worked on the business and advertising section of the magazine, and there is no doubt that they have contributed a good deal towards making "both ends meet." Yet there is one in the person of Mr. Watson of the Acme Press to whom perhaps we owe a far greater debt of gratitude than to even our most zealous helpers. In his own words, the Camosun was born in the office of the Acme Press, and through the years that it has been published, Mr. Watson has been most obliging, and above all he has worked with real interest to serve our ends.

Personally, I wish to thank the Editorial staff who have helped me so splendidly and so untiringly during the past year. Yerburgh, Sivertz and Gray especially, put forth every effort and most certainly deserve praise. Miss Leeming too, has done some exceptionally fine work for our cover designs and the cover of this issue, most of all, is one that I feel sure, will meet with the utmost approval from the entire school.

There is a question that always seems to rise vividly in one's mind at this period of the year, and upon which it seems only fitting that some remarks should be passed. The question is this: Have we, during the past year, lived up to the ideals of our school? What

is past can never be recalled and what is to come we know not, yet now, when we are leaving all behind us it is right that we should review our career during the past three years. All large institutions have their ideals, and ours, to us at all events, are most important of all. The ability to play fair and trust our fellows, to work for the good of our school, and feel that we have helped in some respects to uphold its old traditions, should be the aim and desire of every student. No matter how hard a task it has seemed at times, however, I think that we have all done our best and that goes well towards proving the old saying that every little helps. This last year has been for most of us pleasant in all ways and the thought of departing makes us just a little sad at heart. But if we have done our duty to our Alma Mater and to our fellows, if we have lived up to our ideals, it will help us to remember and to endeavor to follow out the thought of those immortal words: "Play up, play up, and play the game!"

The fact that the Matric play this year was an undoubted success was made doubly certain when the returns were counted. It was found that considerable profit had accrued, and $300 was handed over to the Matriculation Organization. This is a far better result than last year's financial issue, when expenses were barely made, and it is due principally to the able support of the students themselves.

This case indeed, has made ye editor ruminate upon the ancient and oft harried subject of school spirit. It is very pleasing to note the great advance that has been made this year in the said feeling. For a number of years in the past, school spirit was lacking to an alarming extent. Last year there was a distinct improvement, but this year has eclipsed anything that has been done for a long time. Keep up the good work everyone!

It was with deep regret that we learned that Mr. Hamilton Smith had undergone a serious operation and would not be back on the staff until June. The whole school wishes to convey its sincerest sympathy, and hopes that Mr. Smith will make a speedy recovery.

Portia Society

"THERE'S an end to everything," says an old proverb. Yea everything, even the best year that the Portia Debating Society has ever known—financially, in membership, and in the quantity and quality of its speakers.

Yes, 'tis but too true that Portia, represented by Phyllis Featherston and Joyce Maynard was again defeated by the wordy onslaught of the Oak Bay High School debaters. We wish to congratulate the Misses Brandon and McTavish on their victory (which by the way consisted of one point). But of the Oak Bay Debating Society, we say "Let them look to their debating talent," for judging from the ability our Junior and Prelim members are showing, they will have some difficulty in carying off the honors next year.

Friday, May 16th was chosen for the final meeting of Portia. At 3.30 the library was filled, but still they came, a surprising number of mothers having taken advantage of the invitation to "see the wheels go wound." The meeting was opened by a welcome to the mothers by Audrey Jost. The programme consisted of speeches by Gwen Verrinder, Alicia Jackson and Phyllis Fetherston upon the schools, industries and beauty of Victoria. Each girl excelled herself and the audience was indeed captivated.

After these talks, Helen Hardiman, Margaret and Mable Harris and Joyce Jones added interesting items on the subjects already dealt with.

President Mary Ross then called upon Mr. Sullivan to present the Edith Smith prizes for the best speakers in each of the three years. The winners were as follows:

Matric—Phyllis Fetherston and Joyce Maynard.

Junior—Rita Davidson.

Prelim—Margaret Fletcher.

The Secretary then read the names of those who had won their Portia pin. They were as follows: Audrey Jost, Joyce Jones, Phyl-

lis Fetherston, Joyce Maynard, Gwen Verrinder, Alicia Jackson, Peggy Watson, Rita Davidson, Marion Lee, Helen Hardiman and Margaret Fletcher. Following this, the meeting was brought to a close, and the members and their guests made their way to the teachers' lunch room, where dainty refreshments were served, Mrs. H. H. Smith presiding at the tea urn.

To whom is the credit of this year's success due? Our answer in four words—to our Honorary Presidents. Who was it that made nearly all the suggestions as to prospective meeting programmes? The Honorary Presidents! Who was it who pursued elusive entertainers? The Honorary Presidents! Who was it who comforted stage-struck prelims, who quietly performed tasks left undone by lazy or careless workers, who worked when tired, who performed the hundred and one other little things that made the year a success? Why those wonderful Honorary Presidents!

We would like to take this opportunity, also, to thank all those who have contributed to our programmes or who have taken an interest in our society.

To those teachers who have judged speeches or debates we extend our heartfelt thanks. We may have seemed rather ungrateful and seemed to take it for granted that it was merely a pleasing duty for them to leave important and pressing tasks to perform this tedious and sometimes thankless work, but nevertheless we really do appreciate it greatly.

But of all those who have helped us, special thanks are due to Mrs. Fletcher who has been a sort of fairy god-mother to us. To her is due the credit for the much-admired basket of flowers, and the cake frosted in the Portia colors, which adorned the tea table at the final meeting .

Last of all comes the swan song of the Matrics. We certainly will miss those Wednesday afternoons in the good old library. Some of us have attended them from first entering High, others have straggled in during the latter part of their course, after discovering what they were losing. But one and all, we have benefited, gaining from them clean enjoyment. They have taught us to work systematically for desired information, the debates—to win or lose like a sportsman. And now, since we are weathered Matrics, let us give you a little advice. You juniors that are, will be Matrics in the next term—don't abuse your rank, choose from your midst a president without prejudice or favor; remember you are being taken as models, and live up to your responsibilities. Prelims, you at last are going to leave that despised name behind. It is up to you to gently lead the timid newcomers through the library doors on the opening Wednesday.

In farewell, we wish you that remain the best of luck, and hope that you may have the good fortune to have as splendid honorary presidents as Miss McLeod and Miss Shields. And now—good-bye!

BETA DELTA

THE BETA DELTA has come to the close of a very successful period of its life, and has had throughout the year the pleasant feeling of having held to its reputation as a debating society. It is the purpose of the society to encourage public speaking, especially from the standpoint of debating, a sound knowledge of the subject being an invaluable asset to a public speaker. The only fact to be regretted is that merely a small portion of the boys have availed themselves of the opportunity to practise the "glib art." However, if through the medium of the Beta Delta, even half a dozen boys are inducted into the art of facing their audience and holding it, the Society can rest in peace, knowing that it has performed its duty.

The inter-class series aroused far more enthusiasm than has been displayed in the library for many moons, boys being attracted from the competing divisions to hear their respective friends speak, and to partake with zest in the discussions which take place while the judges prepare their decision. The debates have shown great variety in their subjects, ranging from coeducation to socialism, and from forest protection to public utilities, while the debaters have excelled in preparing and digging up material from every source imaginable; it has come from railway directors, from bank managers, managers of business concerns, the mayor of Victoria and numerous others. Although this article will probably not be seen by them, the Society expresses its gratitude to both the Provincial and Public Libraries for the energetic way in which they helped to ferret out material.

There are certain members of the staff, Miss McLeod, Messrs Farr and Cornett, etc., who kindly acted as judges throughout the year to whom we wish to express our feelings of gratitude for their work. To Mr. Farr and Mr. Cornett we are especially grateful. Where should we be without Mr. Cornett, the father of the Society, to foster the debating spirit, or to give us a useful summary of a debater's speech? The answer is that the Beta Delta would cease to exist. What should we do without Mr. Farr to advise us on the choice of subjects, the collecting of material, or the points which he is always ready to give on any subject under the sun?

The Beta Delta during the past year has been an undeniable success, we have sustained our meetings for a greater length of time than our fair rival "Portia," and we have "stuck to our guns" as a de-

bating society. May the Beta Delta know many such or better years. It is doing a great work and it is up to those who will be Matrics next year to carry on the work, and to maintain its strength and traditions.

"A ball in the hand—is worth two in the bush!"

PERSONALS

MATRIC "A"

Robert I. Thomas—Our shining light in soccer and baseball, to say nothing about the Cadets. Very bashful and modest?

James Horne—Commonly known as "Jim," is our Junior Rugby star. He's not very big, but then it's quality that counts.

Leon Metro—A quiet, unobtrusive youth. "Metes" sonorous "Yes sirs," and "No, sirs," will long be remembered. (Loud laughs the vacant mind.)

Eric Griffiths—Eric's a thorough good sport, and incidentally something of a student, even though some of the teachers cannot see it.

Charles Muston—Alias "Charlie," "Chas.," "Chuck." A leading spirit in the class. Marvel at French, and somewhat of a sheik. (Notice that we said "somewhat.")

Herbert Wheeler—Small but——?

"And still they gazed and still their wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew."

Walter Fletcher—Secretary of the Matric Organization, "Duke" of the Merchant of Venice, and a great debater. What more need we say?

Alexander Smith—A very curious child, specially when it comes to explosives. Better go careful Alex, as there is many a slip between the light and the powder.

George Hart Love—Here's your chance girls, as Georgie is a first-class shriek (our mistake, it should have been sheik), and is not as shy as some of his fellows who hail from Saanich.

Stanley Stonier—"All same canary." We often wonder whether he eats bird-seed for his breakfast. However, we love his voice, even though it gets on our nerves now and then—(especially the teachers).

George Hocking—A regular would-be sheik. Never mind George, it's a great life if you don't weaken.

Helen Cruickshank—Alias "Cookie," is one of the hard workers of our class. Her specialty is "Scotch marmalade." Gentle as a lamb?

Mary Ross—A few of Mary's occupations are coffee-making, ticket-selling, banister-sliding, and a student in between times. We wonder how she manages to keep smiling.

Ethel Trousdale—Ethel may seem very quiet at times, but her absence from Maric A would make a great difference.

Her name is not wholly wrong,
For according to a Greek song,
"Ethelo" is the word for "love,"
And she's as gentle as a dove.

Eleanor McLeod—Our Camosun reporter, and budding chemist. We said "budding" because that's as far as she gets. However, she is very good-natured, and well liked by her fellow students.

Evelyn Eller—A quiet unobstusive young lady (when she's asleep) but can make a noise when it is necessary.

Wheeler-Fort Photo

MATRIC A

(Reading from left to right)

1st Row—W. Fletcher, W. McFadden, E. Raynor, J. Horne, C. Muston.
2nd Row—L. Cross, E. Rearman, A. Smith, R. Thomas, A. Raines, E. Trousdale.
3rd Row—S. Stonier, C. Elford, H. Cruikshanks, W. Bruce, E. Eller, G. Knox.
4th Row—E. McLeod, C. McPhee, G. Love, L. Metro, I. Stewart, D. Dean
5th Row—G. Hocking, E. Laing, M. Wallace, E. Thompson, Hill, E. Griffiths.
6th Row—E. Herchmer, H. Wheeler, R. Yerburgh, A. Smith, M. Ross, T. Jones.

Betty Herchmer—One of the most unassuming members of Matric A, but popular withal.

Thelma Jones—Thelma is one of Matric A's musical members of the V. H. S. chorus,

"Forever warbling songs forever new."

Connie Elford—Connie is an all round good sport, and her irrepressible laughter makes her popular with everyone (except the teachers).

Lily Cross—Behold the perfect student? Very quiet, but nevertheless a universal favorite.

"She always keeps the Golden Rule,
And learns her lessons well at school."

Dorothy Dean—Dorothy may or may not study art, but—

"Unthinking, idle, wild and young,
I laughed and talked and danced and sung."

Evelyn Laing—Believes in a run before school.

"Better late than never!"

Edna Raynor—Never known to sleep, laugh, talk, or in any way disturb the habitual (?) serenity of the class.

"A maiden of our century, yet most meek."

Iris Stewart—She does not stop to gossip, but her ever-present smile speaks for itself.

"A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye."

Edna Pearmain—A firm believer that silence is golden. But who knows not that sunny smile?

Catherine McPhee—There is at least one person in Victoria who is not dead. She loves all the teachers and does not discriminate in making her 3:15 calls.

Mamie Wallace—Mamie helps us to endure many a long, dull hour by her merry laughter.

Flora Hill—Flora's pet aversion is homework, which naturally makes her an interesting curiosity of the class.

Winnie Bruce—Winnie is our French star, a great favorite with everybody and a very popular prefect.

Elsie Thompson—We are often inclined to agree with Elsie when she utters her favorite expression, "Some people have all the luck."

Ada Raines—Ada is a demure maiden with a wonderful knowledge of Algebra.

George Knox—Is the President of the class. He is the possessor of a splendid physique of bone and muscle. Muscle up to the neck and bone the rest of the way.

Richard Yerburgh—Dick is a great debater, on the Camosun staff, and he took part in the play, but he is known best for his discussions in Room 12.

Archie Smith—The Doc. is a likeable young man with a cheerful countenance.

"Carved like the god Apollo in limb,
Fair as Adonis in face."

MATRIC "B"

Ella Abbott—Ella always wears such an angelic expression in class photos—but you'd be surprised!

"She is not of the 'made-up' beauty type,
Her charms are of the everlasting kind."

Audrey Price—Her smile (grin) embraces everything.

"She that is of a merry heart hath a continual feast."

Ivy Vye—Ivy is inclined to be calm, serene, and cheerful.

"You must ha' been very nicely brought up."

Audrey Jost—A perfect prefect, an active supporter of everything in the school, and last but not least a rare good sport.

"Hail to thee blithe spirit."

Margaret Sayer—A happy, pretty, steady-working student.

"Always acts in such a way
As to secure the love of the one nearby."

Lilian Martin— "So slender, so fair, so neat,
All in all she's hard to beat."

Jessie Thorpe—A sweet, beguiling maid, always full of mirth.

"She wears a smile, you can see a mile."

Gwen Noel—What would Div. 2 be like without her? Her favorite pastime is annoying the boys and the teachers.

"Why should the devil have all the good times?"

Hattie Edwards—Our chemistry expert (?). Still, she'll kill herself one day if she doesn't murder the division first.

"Said little Miss Muffit,
I'll sit here and bluffit."

Audrey Coton—A blue-eyed maid with a cheerful smile. She is always willing to lend a helping hand and will make a name for us at June.

Bessie Jones—Bess is the queen of good nature, ready to join in every event and is a general favorite.

"Happy thoughts, playful wit and laughter."

Kathleen McConnell—"We know what we are, but we know not what we may be"—but we should worry according to Kay at all events.

Isabelle Sloane—Isabelle is going back among Canada's wheat fields, and we are sorry to lose her.

"Her heart was in her work,
And the Heart giveth grace unto every art."

Joyce Jones—Jumping Jehosophat! What have we here? Vice-president of Portia, Secretary and Class reporter of her class, etc., etc. Truly she is a very mine of industry and intelligence.

"The reason firm, the temporate will."

Gwen Harper—"There's little of the melancholy element in her!"—in fact who could be solemn in her presence?

Irene Harris—A hard-working member of our Library Committee and an earnest, industrious student. She has endeared herself to her classmates by her willingness to assist.

"Where'er she found a stranger she left a friend."

(The late) **Marie Hackett**—Our hockey champ! A good name is better than riches.

Ruth Randall—Is a quiet, but clever member of our division, whose chief delight is studying English (?).

Wheeler-Fort Photo

MATRIC B

(Read down)

1st Row—I. Vye, E. D'Arcy, L. Jeune, J. Graham, M. Watson.
2nd Row—R. Randall, I. Harris, L. Fox, B. Jones, J. Jones.
3rd Row—B. Harris, H. Leeming, R. Diespecker, C. Ballantyne, I. Sloane, M. Sayer.
4th Row—A. Jost, I. Worthington, E. Charlton, S. Clarke, L. Martin, A. Price.
5th Row—C. Ross, G. Noel, C. Savage, E. Abbott, K. McConnell.
6th Row—A. Coton, K. Mehl, G. Harper, J. Thorpe, H. Edwards.

Jean Graham—Jean is our little maid of the mountain (Malahat). Every Friday she may be heard singing "Home, Sweet Home," or some other touching ditty. An A-1 classmate.

Betty Harris—Betty is one of our prize basketball players and wields a wild and woolly wig.

Elmer Charlton—"Chili" is our Class President, and a fine one at that. We might say much else but those requiring further information are asked to read the Idols.

"Thou art too rude, too bold of voice—Gratiano."

Richard Diespecker—It may be that there is much seen and heard of "Dies" wherever he goes, but then, in his own words as Shylock—

"Hath not a Jew eyes, hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions,"
And above all hath he not a tongue.
(Yea verily, and ye will find evidence thereof in the Idols.)

Leslie Fox—Leslie is our prize mathematician, although he is the smallest member of the division.

"How much more older art thou than thy looks!"

Stuart Clarke—Our chemistry fiend when he's awake, our prodigy when he's not.

"Waking or sleeping thou of death must deem."

Clyde Ballantyne—Clyde is a great favorite despite some of his frightful breaks in Room 25 concerning the declension of verbs and the conjugation of nouns.

Clyde Savage—Holds down the position of boys' athletic representative. A most charming young gentleman—but oh that cackle!

Iola Worthington—Everyone who is at all interested in athletics knows Iola. She is an indispensable member of the basketball team and reliable half-back on the girls' grass-hockey hockey team. (For further information see Idols).

Eileen D'Arcy—Ah! Here we have a most industrious student. She has, indeed, never been known to arrive at school in the morning without her lessons "toutes completes."

Constance Ross—Connie is the possessor of two dangerous dimples and a head of wondrous curls.

"Curly locks, curly locks,
Wilt thou be mine?
I'll do all your homework,
And let you do mine."

Hope Leeming—Ever a persistent worker, and one who well deserves her success. Hope is as ready to help others as to work hard herself.

"Twas her thinking of others
Made others think of her."

Peggy Watson—A member of the basketball team and a great favorite. Peggy is a girl who does not bury her nose so deeply in her books, but what she can get at it with a powder puff!

Lillian Jeune—Lillian is one of the most brilliant students, not only in her class, but in the school. She is an enthusiastic sport, and possesses a host of friends.

Kathryn Mehl—Kathryn can be a good student when she wishes, but then she's not very covetous. Still she made a splendid showing in the Easter exams.

MATRIC "C"

Grace Locke—Is never known to sleep, laugh, talk or in anyway disturb the habitual (?) serenity of Division 3.

"A maiden of our century, yet most mild."

Miss Simpson—Dorothy is one of the formidable five. Blissfully quiet—very much alive!

Merle Lorrimer—One of our eminent horticulturists, continually digging up imaginery roots in Algebra periods.

Winnifred Chapman—Since our Rossland class-mate has left us "Winny" is to be seen wandering about like a lost soul. She has no one to share her tiny treble.

"Her voice was—oh so awfully small!"

Alys Downard—Yes, girls, we are very sorry to announce that the young and exceedingly handsome gentleman, (Lorenzo), was no other than Miss Downard. Therefore cherish no longer your heart's desire for he is vanished.

Jean Cameron—Jean's name sounds Scotch, and she is Scotch, "nae doot." She hails every morn from bonnie (?) Saanich.

Pomona Edwards—One of the happy-go-lucky type, and an everlasting source of delight to the class with her charming "goos" and "gurgles."

"Oo sweet itle honey pecious—Goo!"

Dorothy Bisson—Dorothy, who was loved by all, has departed since Easter, and has left something of a void behind her.

Kathleen Munday—Kathleen is a steady, industrious, and all-round good student. And more—'tis said—only a rumor you understand—that her name is "Bobby," but it can't be official.

Dorothy Clarke—Although not a "leading spirit" Dorothy is one of those people who cannot be substituted in making Division 3 a real class.

Phyllis Fetherstone—We have so many good things to say about "Red" that we fear the Camosun would not be large enough to hold them. Still she's a real leading light and takes part in all the activities of the school. (For further information see Idols.)

Ruth Dicker—She is a quiet little lady with a very inquiring turn of mind.

"What a serious soul is looking
From those earnest eyes."

Muriel Langley—She's quiet, she's wise and she's good.

Edith Kato—Edith is one of those happy people with a kind heart and a merry face. She is rather given to sleeping in History periods.

Grace Galliford—Grace is clever, little and good—at least she is in school. Out of school she's clever, little and—well, not quite so good.

Alicia Jackson—Everybody knows Jacky, our Scotch lassy, and everybody likes her. Her favorite hobby is doing people good turns.

Wheeler-Fort Photo **MATRIC C** (Reading from left to right)

1st Row—E. Exham, E. Blagburn, R. Matthews, A. Jones, D. Ponsford.
2nd Row—R. Pinder, M. Topp, M. Lorrimer, Faickney, W. Wilkie, B. Hulke.
3rd Row—I. Smith, K. Munday, C. Fagerberg, A. Jackson, E. Kato, G. Verrinder.
4th Row—Wootten, Dicker, L. Fraser, J. Locke, G. Galliford, M. Taylor.
5th Row—M. Stephens, A. Dowhard, N. Larson, M. Tucker, D. Bisson, W. Chapman.
6th Row—J. Maynard, K. Graham, P. Fetherstone, E. Gropp, D. Clark, D. Simpson.
7th Row—J. Cameron, A. Impey, P. Edwards, N. Langley, A. Dunn, E. Ferguson.

Gwendoline Verrinder—Gwen is our Class President. If it wasn't for her, where would our reputation in French be? She's a real good sport, and our only sorrow is that she won't be with us at Normal next year.

Winnifred Wilkie—Better known as "Freddie." She's our "wirtuous wamp," bearing a startling resemblance to Constance Talmadge. Favorite saying: "See if I care!"

Gertrude Ponsford—Hails from Parksville, B.C. One of those almost extinct specimens of the "Perfect Prefect." Favorite saying, "Oh—Jones!"

Mildred Stephens—Milly would undoubtedly contract brain-fever from over-study, (at lunch hour), were it not for the untiring efforts of her better half.

"Budge!" says the fiend (Alias Miss Fetherstone)
"Budge not!" says my conscience."

Miss Exham—Ellie drifts serenely into our midst now and then, just to assure us that she has not gone to join her sister angels.

"A daughter of the gods, divinely fair."

Miss Graham—Kitty is noted for her expansive dental displays at undue moments.

"As prone to mischief as able to perform it."

Rose Pinder—Rosie, our blue-eyed, brown curled, little ingenue, deigns to sandwich a little school work between many parties, etc.

"I love the little grasshopper,
I love the little cricket,
I love to harm the little flies,
It makes me feel so wicked."

Clara Fagerberg—Clara is clever, but far too modest.

Jean Faickney—Jean's brains are the wonder of the class.

Ella Ferguson—Our Indian-club expert with the most wonderful eyes.

"Thine are those orbs of light and shade."

Miss Fraser—Another addition to our class from the Prairies.

"I'm a little prairie wild flower
Growing wilder every hour."

Eleanor Gropp—Eleanor has a distinct hatred for chemistry.

"Her eyes as stars of twilight fair
Like twilight too her dusky hair."

Barbara Hulke—Is our dearest prefect.

"Guide the erring (prelims) aright."

Audrey Impey—Audrey is our thoughtful Mexican beauty with the light in her eyes.

"Teach us sprite or bird
What sweet thoughts are thine?"

Nellie Larson—Although Nellie has only been with us a short time, yet it has been long enough for us to realize the charm of her beneath the quietly serious exterior.

"Slow runs the water when the pool runs deep."

Mary Taylor—Mary comes all the way from Errington to partake of the joys of V. H. S.

Agnes Dunn—Holds a reception twice daily at her fashionable residence, "Radiator Bungalow," near Room 10.

Wheeler-Fort Photo

MATRIC D

(Read down)

1st Row—G. Coulter, E. Davis, R. Creswell, J. Gray, L. Proctor, H. Curry.
2nd Row— M. Bradford, T. Whitely, F. Barr, C. Mackay, M. Murray, B. Foxgood.
3rd Row—M. Neal, A. Tripp, P. Cummins, H. Hansen, A. Fraser, C. Hodgson.
Centre—George Stark.
4th Row—L. Matthews, M. Stewart, L. Swannell, R. Davis, A. Tooley, Smith.
5th Row—B. Hamilton, D. Dale, S. Rankin, R. Wallace, L. McDougall, G. Oyama.
6th Row—A. Gray, I. Penzer, Kissinger, M. Dell, W. Hall, W. Heritage.

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Muriel Topp—We foresee a brilliant future for the mathematically inclined "Mooey."

"E'en the slight harebell raised its head
Elastic from her airy tread."

Molly Tucker—A most industrious pupil in our midst. Always comes to school with her home-work down pat.

Bertha Wootton—A charming personality and a delightful class mate.

"She is easy to walk with,
Witty to talk with,
And pleasant too, to think on."

Joyce Maynard—A great favorite of the class. What would we do if we didn't have Joyce to give us philosophical teachings in literature periods? We look forward to her influence at Normal next year.

Arthur Jones—Jones has not yet learned that "little boys should be seen and not heard." His greatest worry is to keep the class in order in Room 15.

Eric Blagburn—The loftiest of all Matric "C's" heroes, and an indispensable member of the **best division in the school.** (Perhaps!) His pet hobby is looking after Matthews.

Raymond Matthews—Matthews is a never-failing source of conversation among the girls.

"They go simply wild over I,"
Says he, " This is the life!"

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MATRIC "D"

Mona Bradford—One of the best. Mona is always able to find the silver lining no matter how dark the cloud may be.

Verna Barr—Verna is one of the quiet members of our class. We do not know what plans she has for the future but it would not surprise us if she rivalled Sappho.

Graham Coulter—Graham is still suffering from the languour brought on by his Moroccan sojourn.

"Mistake me not for my complexion,
- - - - - - - - this aspect of mine
Hath feared the valiant."

Henry (Pat) Cummins—Our all-star French and Science student, basketball player and general nuisance.

"But let me laugh a while, I've mickle time to grieve."

Harry Curry—A youth who by his sheikish appearance and permanent wave would lead one to suppose him an ardent admirer of the weaker sex.

"Treat them rough and tell them nothing."

Reginald Cresswell—Reggie could have gained a correspondence course degree, with the time he spends in Room —? We wonder what he did with all his photographs.

"Once aboard the lugger and the girl is mine."

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Alice Davis—

"There was a soft and pensive grace,
A cast of thought upon her face
That suited well the forehead high,
The eyelash dark and downcast eye."

Donovan Dale—The least we can say of Donovan is "Multum in Parvo."

Mamie Dell—Most terrible of the terrible three. Favorite (?) subject—Algebra. Favorite occupation—laughing. Favorite expression—"Do tell." Mamie may be diminutive in statue, but she certainly is not lacking in the right kind of school spirit.

Rees Davis—A Sidney big game hunter, a lacrosse star, almost as good at football, but most famous as Division 4's Beau Brummell.

Arthur Fraser—You know him by his smiling self and by his flaming hair.

"Carved like the god Apollo in form,
Fair as Adonis in face."

Bertha Foxgord—It is seldom indeed that Bertha graces our classes with her presence.

"Hang snow! Care will kill a cat,
And therefore let's be merry."

Arthur Gray—Arthur's chief hobby in High School is correcting Prelim reports—and Algebra papers.

"I never felt the kiss of love..
Or maiden's hand in mine."

Jessie Gray—Jessie is a bright little spark, and always has a sunny smile and a cheery "Hello" for everyone.

Belinda Hamilton—Bee is Secretary of the Athletic Association, and a general favorite.

"How doth the busy little 'Bee'
Improve each shining hour?
With laughing eyes and genial smile
For all in Division Four."

Clifford Hodgson—Cliff is the star tennis player of the V. H. S., and the mainstay of the grass-hockey team. We think that he spends all his money on cotton for his alarm clock.

Hubert Hanson—Division 4's football and basketball genius.

"Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun."

Wm. "Billie" Hall—

"He's little, but he's wise,
He's a terror for his size."

Will Heritage—The height of our ambition (as far as height goes). His school life is summed up in the lines:

"I used to think I knew I knew,
But now I must confess,
The more I know I know I know
I know I know the less."

Kissinger—Kissinger's "I guess so's" are in great demand in time of need, for he distributes his knowledge with them freely. An everyday occurrence:

Hansen: "Is this translated?"
Kissinger: "I guess so!"

Charles McKay—Every day is ladies' day with Charlie.

"Give her but the least excuse to love me."

Clifford Morrison—Beneath that mass of shaggy hair,

"Half sense, half thought, among the darkness there."

Victor Montaldi—

"I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope' my lips let no dog bark!"

Barbara Murray—

"One in a thousand this child—and true as tempered steel. Eh?"

Lucy McDougall—The personification of all the wisdom that ever was, is, or shall be.

"Life piled on life were all too little."

Leslie Matthews—For many and various reasons Les disagrees with the poet who wrote:

"Toil comes with the morning, and rest with the night."

N.B.—Particularly with the last statement.

Morley Neale—A sophisticated youth.

"Much have I traveled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen."

Grace Oyama—

Maiden with the Orient eyes,
In whose depths a shadow lies
Like the dusk in Eastern skies;
With dimples rare,
And raven hair,
A child of East and West.

Inez Penzer—Inez has been one of the most popular prefects during the past year.

"In vain one tries
Picking faults out; take the prize."

Lorne Proctor—Lorne is one of our studious boys. Although his words are few he says a lot.

Sara Rankin—Best known to us all as a gentle Jessica.

"For she is wise, if I can judge of her,
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true,
And true she is, as she hath proved herself."

E. Smith—Generally speaking, Smith is generally speaking.

"All great men are dead and I'm not feeling so very well myself."

Lorne Swannell—Lorne is our source of classical knowledge.

"He thinks a lot, such men are dangerous."

George Stark—George plays a very minor part in school activities—he is merely President of the Matric Organization, head Prefect, and President of our Division.

"For he's a jolly good fellow."

Muriel Stewart—Muriel thinks she cultivated a glorious frown, but ——?

"A dancing shape, an image gay,
To hunt, to startle, and way-lay."

Audrey Tooley—Pat's winning smile and expressive brown eyes have made her one of the most popular girls in the class.

"A lovelier flower on earth was never seen."

Audrey Tripp—Helps to make the dragging periods pass more quickly with her ready wit and happy smile.

"Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
Like twilight's too her dusky hair."

Bob Wallace—Our Class Secretary and a prefect. Bob is very modest, his chief hobby being blushing; he is well up in his studies and takes an active part in debates, cricket and grass-hockey.

Thompson Whitely—Although Tom is one of our quietest boys in class he takes an active part in the Beta Delta, and is an officer in the Cadet Corps. Celebrated for his enigmatical smile.

"I am grown peaceful as old age tonight,
I regret little, I would change with less."

MATRIC E

Peter Simonds—Peter is one of the bright lights on the rugby team. We hope to see him producing novels by the thousand in future years.

Stanley Carver—His quiet, sad demeanour is undeniable proof of his wisdom, and conceals the soul of a professional trap-drum artist.

"I ne'er could any lustre see
In eyes that would not look at me."

Bud Sims—It is rumored that "Bud" is the owner of the famous local race horse "King Tut". Don't let ancient discoveries run away with you "Bud".

Ralph Snider—A stalwart, broad shouldered young man who specializes in rugby, grass-hockey, and exams. Particularly exams(?)

William Dickinson—Dickey is one of our chemical geniuses. He also delights in disproving the hypothesis of one Mr. Euclid.

"Launcelot, here is a ducat for thee!" (Now run away and be a good boy!)

Mercer—An outstanding figure in football and a promising star in lacrosse. "Rollie" has played for the school many times and deserves great credit for his support of athletics.

Ralph Fromson—Our budding chemistry professor. Ralph also delights in holding small audiences of prelims spellbound by his oration on—well practically anything.

Phillip Kitley—Phil has lately taken to long trousers, which fact seems to account for his improved appearance.

Sidney Young—Here is indeed a perfect prefect. He is an all-round sport and a veritable haven of refuge for lost prelims.

Neil McPhee—Here is the feeble old Gobbo, a tall and hearty youth who's chief occupation seems to be keeping his unruly son Launcelot in order. "I cannot think thou art my son."

Ernest Simpson—"Ernie" has a voice which is the despair of our teachers. However he is quite a "clever fellow!"

"What objects are the fountains of thy happy strain."

George Turner—George is one of the most popular members of Div. 5. We expect George's happy laugh to bring him as many friends in the world as it has in the school.

Frank Tyrrell—Is without doubt one of the best footballers in the school. He is also an exceptionally fine student.

Godfrey Jones—Godfrey is one of the most popular boys in the school, and is without question the best athlete. (For further particulars see Idols.)

Wheeler-Fort Photo

MATRIC E

(Reading from left to right)

1st Row—R. Shanks, M. Calderwood, W. Peden, R. Mercer, S. Rickinson, F. Tyrrell.
2nd Row—W. Locke, L. Huxtable, R. Snider, B. Sims, P. Kitley, Carver.
3rd Row—Rodgers, S. Sivertz, Lawson, Simpson, H. Dunn, Dunsmore.
4th Row—Kerr, P. Simonds, P. Rose, J. McConnell, S. Young, W. Dickinson.
5th Row—N. McPhee, A. Smith, H. Downard, J. Griffiths, R. Tervo, D. Robertson.
6th Row—McKie, G. Jones, P. Die, G. Turner, R. Fromson, A. Speed.

Lionel Huxtable—A number of his class chums wonder if "Hux" is going to be an author or a composer. Certainly he seems to agree with Lorenzo that

"A man who hath no music in himself
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds
Is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils."

Henry Dunn—Such energy as Henry Dunn possesses is seldom, if ever met with. It is the height of his ambition to be a track walker for an aeroplane company.

Sam Sivertz—He's quiet, but, oh my! what he carries around in that head of his. It was due in fact to his efforts as stage manager that the play was such a success.

William Locke—More familiarly known as "Bill". Takes part in almost every form of sport including rugby, ice-hockey, and grass-hockey. He also took part in the gym display and the play.

Paul Die—"Wine, women and song are the ruination of young men." We don't know anything about Paul's singing.

Fred Rogers—An earnest and steady student who has earned the respect of both teachers and pupils.

James McConnell—Jim's many athletic abilities are widely known and he has proved himself a versatile star in almost every popular boy's sport.

Harry Downard—What would Div. 5 do without Harry to coach them in literature? He is our literary advisor and also shakes a "wicked ankle" on the old waxed boards.

"He speaks an infinte deal of nothing."

J. (Mac) Dunsmore—"Mac" joined the class late in the year but that has not hindered his progress by any means. He is popular with everyone.

Bill Peden—One of the best athletes and a member of the senior Rugby and basketball teams. A rare good sport is "Bill."

"Oh! I'm the shriek of Arabia."

Bob Lawson—Bob is one of those retiring and unobtrusive people, who always seem to become endeared to their fellows.

"Silence is the best noise."

Albert Smith—Another champion! Let us introduce a real cycling fiend who rides on one wheel and endeavors to wear a good bike out as soon as possible.

Reginald Shanks—"Reg" is the class secretary and a prefect. He has also distinguished himself on the soccer field and in the gym. (See particulars elsewhere.)

Phillip Rose—Phil is our star right wing on the football team. He is small but mighty in his smallness.

Clive Taylor—He never burnt the midnight oil in search of useless knowledge. His greatest ambition is to nurse Calderwood.

Douglas Robertson—A bright student possessing a keen and ready wit. Doug is a member of the senior basketball team.

Randolph Tervo—One of the big five of the basketball team, a keen French student and a general favorite. He is also a member of the Matric excutive.

Arthur Speed—Art is better known to his colleagues as "Spud Murphy." He is, moreover, an ice-hockey player and an oarsman.

Calderwood—A gifted elocutionist. He also has a splendid record for his daily attendance; i.e., he has never been known to be early yet! "Studying, Mac?"

Division 6

May Wallace—Our youthful prodigy. In future years we expect to see an "L.L.D" after her name.

"And so her midnight lamp was lit anew,
And burned 'till morning."

Juanita Parson—An unexpected, half suppressed chuckle from the back of the room, and sure enough, its Nita. The old maxim, "The only way to have a friend is to be one," is fully revealed in her readiness to help others.

"What's the odds as long as you're happy."

Ivy Clapham—A quiet wit and quaint fancy make her the delight of her friends. Her winning personality will have no small influence in making her future a success.

"None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise."

Helen Boyce—Always tops the list in typewriting and business correspondence. An ideal private secretary.

"With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come."

Maud Bland—Has lately departed from our midst to work in an office. We wish her the best of luck.

"Her greatest charm is in being just herself."

Britta Neaves—Not given to over-working herself, but an earnest and industrious student when she is in the mood for it.

"For she is wise if I can judge her."

Lillian Pettman—Unlike most students, she always shows a determination to finish what she has started and finish it well.

"Few things have failed to which I set my hand,
I do my most and best."

Iona Porter—Has the distinction of being the only prefect taken from the commercial ranks. Her position as prefect, however, does not prevent her from enjoying herself, or providing amusement for others by her witty remarks.

Florence McKinnon—Is not often heard from in the class room, but in her examinations she proves that she has not been inattentive.

Charles Wong—An ideal student. He is never known to waste his time in class.

Albert Howard—Six feet of care-free youth, he never seems to worry, but all the same, he does fairly well in his exams.

Gordon Ashman—He has been known to survive a period without saying a word. We wonder how he does it.

Wheeler-Fort Photo

DIV. 6—COMMERCIAL MATRIC
(Reading from left to right)

1st Row—L. Pellman, Grierson.
2nd Row—B. Neaves, Howard, G. Ashman, H. Boyce.
3rd Row—M. Bland, I. Porter, I. Clapham, F. McKinnon.
4th Row—M. Wallace, C. Wong.

ANOTHER year has come and gone, and the Victoria High School as in former years has held its lead in the plane of athletics and sportsmanship. True, no silverware has entered the school through the medium of our various teams, yet we hope our foes have found us worthy of their mettle.

We have tried to uphold that glorious phrase: "Play the game," and have succeeded. Often we have heard it quoted, "Play the game fair," but to us, as to our predecessors, and indeed we hope to our followers, there is really only one way to play a game. Thus we say, taking the words of that undying poem, "Play the game."

Wheeler-Fort Photo **GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM**

Sitting, left to right—B. Harris, A. Jost (Capt.), I. Worthington
Standing, left to right—Miss Rice, D. King, P. Watson, H. Styan

Gymnasium Display

This year several new features were introduced into the section of the boys' gym display, viz., the flying rings, floor tableaux and pyramids.

The performance of Locke on the rings was the source of a great many thrills for the audience and favorable comment was expressed by all who had the good fortune to witness him.

The floor tableaux, in which the whole squad had part, drew applause from the spectators as did the "Opening of the Lily" on the parallel bars. Perhaps that which received the greatest ovation however, was the collapsing pyramid, in which the boys were arranged in tiers, the bottom four kneeling and the others taking their positions on the lower four's backs, and so on, until all were in position in the system of four, then two, and one. At a given signal from Major Harvey the pyramid collapsed and, for a brief second, Monty Dunsmore, who occupied the lone top position, was suspended in the air.

Taken as a whole the display was clever and original and Major Harvey and the two gentlemen from the barracks who assisted him

GIRLS' GRASS HOCKEY TEAM

Sitting, 1st row—M. Harris (Capt.)
Sitting, 2nd row, left to right—I. Worthington, M. Harris, P. Watson, H. Styan, R. Cobbett
Standing, left to right—Miss Rice, M. Briggs, M. Cassidy G. Marchant, D. Bassett, M. Campbell, G. Noel

in training the boys for the tableaux should receive great credit for their pains.

Basketball

On April 5th the Victoria High School girls engaged in their annual battle for the McDonald cup. This year their adversaries were the girls of the Duke of Connaught School, New Westminster. The teams were evenly matched and it looked as if the scores might be high. But at half time the score was nil to nil.

The game started out with a rush and the ball was carried back and forth between the two baskets but both teams were unable to score. Several free shots were awarded to both sides but none of these were made to count. As our gym is over regulation size, the visitors had wished to have six feet marked off from each side. This caused great confusion on the part of the home team. Used to comparatively long passes the forward line were continually passing out. It was the same with the visiting team so our girls lost nothing through this.

Early in the second half Victoria High was awarded a free shot and Iola Worthington made it count. The supporters went wild and cheered the team on to gain a field basket. But no such point was forthcoming although the two forwards made many brave attempts to gain a basket. Within the same five minutes Connaught scored a free shot and a few seconds later the same player, Margaret Gifford, scored a field basket. This player might have made other points if it had not been for our speedy guard, Betty Harris, who checked with system and effect.

During the rest of the game the guards of both teams checked in such a manner that the forwards were unable to score. There seemed to be a "hoodo" with the ball for in both baskets it would roll agonizingly around the ring. Some people remarked that one of the balls rolled under the ring and then out again; but we will not commit ourselves. Just towards the end of the game our team began to rally and the ball was passed to the forward line, but there was too heavy checking to shoot as they passed back and forward until they had a chance, but the same "hoodo" prevailed and the ball rolled out. This play was perhaps the speediest in the game and did credit to Mr. Whyte's teaching. The visiting forward line was capably looked after and Daisy King distinguished herself by good checking and all-round play.

The visiting team were entertained at a dance which all enjoyed, after which the cup, which has been within our walls for the three years, was presented to the team whose high school has never held it before.

Gym Display

The gym display on May 9th and 10th was successful in the girls' work from every point of view. The girls' first number was the "Mimetic Exercises." This was done by the preliminary girls and

they did credit to their teacher. The Junior girls contributed two very nice dances, "The Baby Hornpipe" and "The Jumping Jack." The latter was rather a novelty and greatly enjoyed by all. The apparatus work by the girls was well done. "The Indian Clubs" by Matriculation and "The Dumbells" by the Preliminary girls were as usual great favorites. The last number of the girls was a dance from Div. 2 and 4, "The Tyrolian Trio." It was quite picturesque and the dancers were called back each night by enthusiastic applause.

As another year draws to a close the girls of all the years take this opportunity of expressing their appreciation for the thought and time expended on them in their gymnastic work by their drill mistress, Miss Rice.

Social News

An enjoyable evening was spent on the 5th of April when the Victoria High School girls' basketball team entertained the New Westminster girls' team. Kinlock's orchestra provided the music for the dance. During the evening supper was served in the boy's lunch room which was decorated in the New Westminster colours, blue and white.

* * * * * *

"Is it time to stop?" was the regretful question asked when Hunt's orchestra started to play the National Anthem at one o'clock sharp at the Cadet Ball on May 2nd. The evening was opened by the officers at eight-thirty, who received in the gymnasium which was used for dancing and was suitably decorated with flags. The refreshment committee worked hard, and the result was well worth comment. Decorations were present in the form of flowers and the school colours, and delightful refreshments were served. About two-hundred and fifty guests took part this year and any person wishing to enquire about the dance need only ask any of those who were present to receive a heartwarming reply. This dance is given yearly and has never been known to be anything but a success.

* * * * * *

The annual Matriculation Dance will be held at the Victoria High School at the close of the year. This is a farewell dance for the matriculation students. This year the dance will be free, open only to matrics and invitational to students of other years. The music will be supplied by Ozard's orchestra and the dancing will be from 8.30 to 12. For other information concerning the dance please apply to the president of the matric organization.

Chili: "Did you advertise for a man to retail canaries?"
Dealer: 'Yes, do you want the job?"
Chili: "No, I just wanted to find out how they lost their tails."

EXCHANGE.

Extract from a school announcement. "Iota Zeta May Day Crawl in Gym, May 2." And people talk about our dancing.

* * * * * *

The Lumberjack: We have watched with interest the growth of the Lumberjack from the first issue up to the present and it certainly is a credit to its hard working staff. Ham-bones' letters are in a class by themselves.

* * * * * *

Westport Crier: Always turns up on time with its interesting sidelights on school life. The sporting page is very good but there seems to be rather a lack of exchange news.

* * * * * *

The Trident: Is a well edited paper full of school news and other information. We like your editorials, what there are of them.

* * * * * *

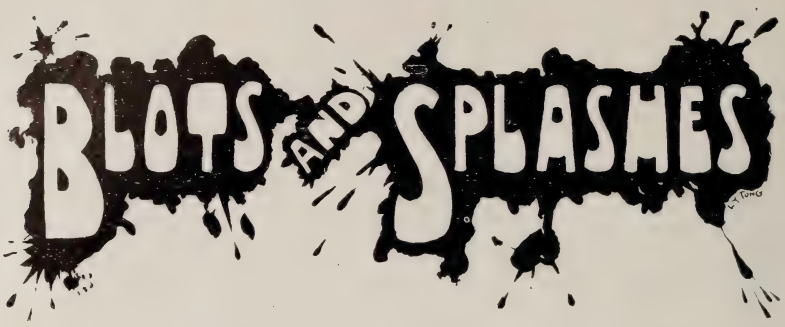
The Camosun wishes to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following exchanges: Trinity University Review, Macmaster University Monthly, Hutchinson Ikozian, The X-Ray.

Lives of great men all remind us
As their pages o'er we turn,
That we're apt to leave behind us
Letters that we ought to burn.

The doctor (to patient): "You go to your druggist and ask him for some idohydrarygrate of iodide of potassium, some anhydro-glucochloral and some dioxyamidonvenso-benzol and I should not be surprised if with those we will be able to triumph over your loss of memory."

Teacher: "Give me an example of unproductive spending of wealth?"

Mackay: "Taking one's sister to a show."



When told that the Matriculation Organization had received $300 from the "Merchant of Venice", an innocent young prelim timidly inquired who the kind old gentleman was.

* * * * * *

Absolutely!

It's easy enough to be happy
When life is a big cosy wreath,
But the man worth while
Is the man who can smile
When the dentist is pulling his teeth.

* * * * * *

She: "What figure of speech is, 'I love my teacher'?"
He: "Sarcasm." * * * * * *

Said a friend to a proud father of a college graduate who had just been awarded a M. A. degree:
"I suppose Robert will be looking for a Ph. D. next?"
"No, he will be looking for a J. O. B."

* * * * * *

Pome (By a High School Graduate)

Little fishes in a brook,
Father catch 'em with a hook,
Takes 'em home for mam to cook,
Aunty rides a horse.

* * * * * *

Love

Life is one fool thing after another: love is just two fool things after each other. * * * * * *

Coquettish

The fraction leaned over and touched its whole number on the digit. "Say," she whispered, "is my numerator on straight?"

* * * * * *

Proverb

'Tis a wise parent who recognizes his own signature when the excuses are being returned to him.

Rumbling Rhythms

The Smugsley House Gazette

I wear a frown that "wont come off,"
And deeper still it grows;
My pockets bulge with manuscripts,
There's ink upon my clothes;
Responsibility has made
Me lose in weight, you bet,
Since I consented to conduct
The "Smugsley House Gazette."

Our poet drives me nearly mad,
For though his pen is fleet
He scorns the common rules of rhyme,
And doesn't count his "feet."
I have to polish up his verse,
And THEN he says he's set
"Rare pearls of thought before a swine,"
And sneers at the "Gazette."

The chap that does our "Social Pars,"
Requires a watchful eye;
If I accepted all he writes
My word, the fur would fly!
He libels fellows right and left,
And if I didn't whet
My scissors and cut out his plums,
He'd ruin the "Gazette."

A "Serial" I tried to run
By "Gordon Maxwell Prout"
He dropped the hero down a mine
And couldn't get him out!
The problem was too much for me,
And so I had to let
Competing readers solve it for
A prize in the "Gazette."

Our games expert would be all right
If only he'd abstain
From spending precious moments on
A model aeroplane.
But as it is, before we go
To press, I fail to get
The "copy" Tomkins should turn out
To fill up the "Gazette."

Hello! What's this? An article
On "Greece 'ere She Declined."
It's by the Head! I know the hand
Although it isn't signed.
I daren't return the stuff "with thanks"
'Twould not be safe—and yet
To publish it will be to kill
The "Smugsley House Gazette!"

With a Moral

Cornelius McNab was a grouch,
He growled as he rolled from his couch,
He grumped in his tub and continued to grump
His stock in the world had a permanent slump,
His kindest reflection on matters was "umph!"
His second best comment was "ouch."

He sat at the table and wailed,
The servitors quivered and quailed.
The coffee was tepid, the linen was soiled,
His eggs should be coddled and carefully boiled.
Thus was a day invariably spoiled,
And somebody ought to be jailed.

He finished a bitter cigar,
He growled as he entered a car;
The populace jostled,
The light was too dim,
And why should a straphanger hang over him,
It really was going too far.

With rancor abundantly stored
His wrath on the office he poured,
The office boy fled with a menace grotesque,
The bookkeeper hid in a hole in his desk,
And somewhat disheveled, but still picturesque,
The stenographers wept in accord.

He went to a store for a rod
To angle for flounder and cod,
But this was too heavy and this was too light,
The price was outrageous and nothing was right,
The clerks inattentive and most impolite,
They ought to be jailed in a squad.

He carried his woe to the strand,
Where borne by the waves and the sand
A crab of prodigous dimensions he saw
Severe of demeanor and mighty of claw,
Cornelius regarding the portent with awe
Declaimed to the decabod grand:—

Oh! Waif of the turbulent blue
In happiness equalled by few,
The tempest may bellow, the billows may roll,
But far from the troublesome world and its dole,
Secure in the shell is thy sensitive soul,
I would I were even as you.

And then by a marvel as strange
As any that fate can arrange,
The crusty Cornelius was changed to a crab,
The crusty Crustacean as Mr. McNab
Was wafted away to his home in the cab,
And nobody noticed the change.

RALPH FROMSON
Div. 5

Excited man (to druggist): "Look here! You sold me carbolic acid for castor oil this morning."

Druggist: "That so? Then you owe me fifty cents."

Teacher: "Johnny, can you tell me what a hypocrite is?"

Johnny: "Yes ma'am, it's a boy what comes to school with a smile on his face."

Waiter: "Want soup?"

Diner: "Is it good soup?"

Waiter: "Sure, fourteen carrot."

"Dies": "On what grounds does your father object to me?"

She: "From what I heard him say, I think he objects to you on any grounds within three blocks of the house!"

Teacher: "Why are you scratching your head?"

Wallace: "Because I'm the only one that knows it itches."

He: "I would kiss you if we were not in a canoe."

She: "Sir! take me ashore immediately!"

A teacher was conducting a class in history.

"Godfrey Jones," he said, "what was there about George Washington which distinguished him from all other famous Americans?"

"He didn't lie," was the prompt answer.

Teacher: "We will now name the lower forms of animal life starting with Henry Cummins."

Mr. S———: "Knox, where did you get a plus b equals x ?"

Knox: "From Fletcher."

Alma Mater

The good old days are left behind,
The world is stretched before,
We're sailing forth on the sea of life,
From our school-days' golden shore.

No matter how the tempest roars,
How black the ocean seems
Just steer your ship on the flood of time,
'Till you reach the land of dreams.

Remember your Alma Mater, chums,
Don't let your ideals slide,
But hold them forth as your banner sign,
Whatever else betide.

The world is not so black with sin,
As the first glance seems to show,
So just fight on, on the upward path,
And strike a righteous blow.

For, out of the darkness shines a light,
Where "SUCCESS" is awaiting you
So keep your school days in your heart,
And fight the battle through!

RICHARD DIESPECKER.

Our Jealous Rivals

Look! oh ye students of the Victoria High School, upon the nefarious plotting of our jealous contemporaries, who, in their efforts to oust us from our superior position, have hurled these foul insults at our spotless reputation. Read, therefore:

The Times: "The Camosun, carnal and fallacious, owes its international popularity to its sensationalism. It no more reflects public sentiment and the trend of the age than does the Colonist—that moss-covered, tattered deformity."

The Colonist: "The matter rests at this—there is no room on the Island for both the Camosun and the Colonist. We demand protection. In passing, we might add that the foul sheet, with its criminal circulation, increasing conjurings and trick headlines, strongly resembles that ghastly joke, the Times."

Statement Issued by Hearst Syndicate: "Since Washington refuses to ban the Camosun, which, if the truth be told, is Canadian propaganda, pure and simple, we take it upon ourselves to work out our own salvation. Starting tomorrow, we will present, **free,** to every one of our erstwhile subscribers, a four-page, red print pamphlet,

handsomely bound in yellow, fully disclosing recent British atrocities in Ireland and India, providing he or she promises, with uplifted hand, to disclaim the nefarious foreign publication."

The London Times: "We give the government no option. Either the Camosun be outlawed in the British Isles or we will disclose to a hostile public the 'inside dope,' as the editors of the Canadian trouble-maker and other vulgarians would say, concerning the defeat of the 'Jellyfish Protection Bill.' We will have it clearly understood that we are adamant in our determination to shield ourselves and our interests."

Twilight

The moon is up, and yet the sun has not
His crimson streamers melted all from sight,
The east is dull and gray—save in one spot,
Where Hesperus streams forth his silver light.

The carols of the winds grow soft and wane,
The pink-eyed daisies close up one by one,
The strengthening moonbeams fall in silver rain,
As if to scorn the efforts of the sun.

O'er-head the cawing crows wing slow their way,
Into their haven of the pine tree's crest,
The thrush sings his last lyric of the day,
As nature calls her children home to rest.

Far o'er the landscape the contented sheep
Sink one by one to earth and their repose,
Lie low their heads and glide into their sleep,
Lull'd by the crooning stream that softly flows.

Oh dark-brow'd "night," most soulful of all maids,
Leagued with Morpheus dost thou steal around,
And plunge in soft sweet sleep the woods and glades,
Entwine all in your spell, and sense confound.

R. J. SHANKS

Father: "Son, I want you to stay away from that girl. She has a reputation for being wild."

George: "Why, pa, Thelma's not wild at all; I can get quite close to her."

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself has said,
As he hit his head against the bed,
"Z Z Z ? O O ——— ! ! ! ! Z Z Z X X ?"

MATRIC A

"Ode to Latin"

"All are dead who wrote it;
All are dead who spoke it;
All will die who learn it;
Blessed Death! they earn it

Mr. C———: Griffiths, when did William the Conqueror come over into England?

Griffiths: "In 1066 A. D."

Mr. C.———: "What does A. D. stand for?"

Griffiths: "I dunno unless it means after dark."

Mother: "Johnny, stop using such dreadful language!"

Johnny: "Well, mother, Shakespeare uses it."

Mother: "Then don't play with him; he's not a fit companion for you."

There was a little bee
And he sat upon a tree
And then he sat on me,
Oh!————————Gee!

[This must be another example of a high school graduate's poetry.—Ed.]

French teacher (explaining French vowels): "Now when 'U' and 'I' come together—"

Division A's male chorus: "Oh, boy!"

A smashing! A crashing!—
"Pray keep your seat.
'Tis only 'Red' Fletcher
Untangling his feet."

He heaves sighs of pain;
His senses are reeling;
As Knox once again
Thumps his head on the ceiling.

A worn out parent named his first baby "Macbeth" because he murdered sleep.

Wheeler: "I'd like awfully well to take you to the Matric Ball—"
Miss Laing: "Why, I'd be delighted to go!"
Wheeler: "Only I have to work that night."

We'd like to spring the one about the mouse trap:
Only its too snappy.
We'd like to recount the one about the crude oil:
Only it isn't refined.
We'd like to tell the one about the window:
Only you'd see through it.

Miss Bruce (to butcher): "I'd like to see a small chicken please."
Butcher: "Do you want a pullet?"
Miss Bruce (indignant): "No thank you, I'll carry it."

Signs You'll See in the Future

C. Muston, professional dancing-master (for ladies only).
Vote for R. Yerburgh for Conservative candidate.
Miss H. Cruickshank, marmalade specialist.
Miss W. Bruce, expert French teacher.
A. Smith, chemist.

MATRIC B

In the last issue of the Camosun, Division 1 boasted of some fine books whose titles and authors were given. However, we think that our latest book entitled "The Second Division" by A. Little Better, is certainly worthy of note and of a far higher standard than anything that they could produce.

Judging from the strange and terrible sounds emitted by "Chili" when he obtained 40 per cent. in literature, it's a good thing that he doesn't pass oftener. It seems to unbalance his mind when he does.

Our division has the sole honor of studying two entirely new poets, in fact they have never been heard of outside room 23. We refer to "Kelly" and "Sheets."

The other morning our walking wardrobe strolled into the room and sat down with a thump. When the flour had cleared away, it was discovered that she had discreetly vanished, leaving the class white with horror (?).

Favorite Occupations

Miss Mehl—Dodging 3.15 tea parties.

Ballantyne—Doing nothing and keeping the teacher from finding out what he's doing.

Miss Noel—Inventing a new method of gum chewing in order to relieve the tension in room.

Favorite Sayings of Famous People

(Note—The title is old, but the sayings are quite new. Eh! Matric B?)

"Jamais de la vie!"

"Proceed!"

"I don't care if you all fail at June!"

"I'm not going on with all this chitter chatter!"

"Get out your workbooks!"

* * * * * *

Latin teacher: "Clarke, what are the seven other words declined like 'alius'?"

Clarke (awakening with a start): "Ullusnullusolustotus-uter-alt ———z z z z z z" (Continues to saw wood for remainder of period.)

Gee! what it must feel like to be clever—eh, Leslie!

MATRIC C
(Normal Entrance)

Amazing Discovery

Found in and resurrected from the tomb of King Tutankhamen this startling document, which, when translated from the original hieroglyphics, reads as follows:

On this date, the 1924th moon after the death of the great King Osiris, His Most High Powerful and Gracious Majesty, King Tutankhamen (may Isis bless his name) bids us, his scribes, to chronicle down here His prophecy, by way of a vision, which descended upon Him while he was dwelling in the blessed land of sleep.

"On retiring to my couch I fell into a deep slumber. My soul wandered; then I awoke suddenly, but found myself in a strange and unfamiliar place. It was morning. I cried aloud, but received no reply. I then arose and gazed around. My surroundings consisted of a large square-shaped chamber—no, a room similar to those where our slaves are kept. (This part of the vision remains fresh in my mind; I see it all clearly.) The light came through windows in one wall. I observed that on the outside of these windows were vertical bars of some metal, probably copper. The wall directly in front and the one opposite the windows were divided into sections. The lower section was of a stained wood; the middle one was composed of a peculiar black substance, on which were inscribed characters strange to my sight. The top section and the ceiling consisted of a dreary, inartistic 'desert' of a whitish-yellow color. My glance then fell to the floor. It was strewn with bits of torn papyrus and dirt in various forms.

Suddenly confused murmurs assailed mine ears. I raised my eyes and beheld that I was not alone. (At this time I may state, I became blessed with the power to understand all languages.) Surrounding me on all sides, and seated on bench and table contrivances, were thin, worn and over-worked individuals. In the front of the

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room, pacing the floor and with hands upraised in gesture of despair, was a colossal man. He was speaking then—asking questions. Clearly he was losing all patience for he roared at a certain pupil, as I take it, (I am quite certain of what he said for it rings in my ears even yet) "Jones, can you enunciate thorem 53?" This unfortunate pupil replied in the negative. Poor fellow—it was all over in a few minutes! His remains were carried out on a stretcher, his assassin following to arrange the inquest, I hope.

It was then that I became interested in my roommates and, as I can read the future, I soon had them clamoring to have their fortunes told. The first to come to me was a little boy, by name **Matthews.** He possessed the loveliest orange red pompadour, but he was doomed to disappointment for his palm told me that fate had decided to make him a barber. **Miss Edwards,** a sweet little girl, 'toddled along' next. She earnestly implored me (between giggles) to tell her where rattles could be obtained cheapest. Next was a wee slip of a child, **Galliford** she said her name was, and she innocently asked me where the lost attendance slips could be found, and—if she could beat Jones to the next algebra sum? Then she remembered that he had gone—Gee! that meant the necessity of finding someone else to carry the attendance 'slips' and sharpen her pencils. **Miss Fetherstone,** an exceedingly talkative young (?) Miss, amused me very much by her continuous and animated arguments. Then my notice was drawn to an abstracted person who kept continually running around the room, chanting dolefully, with hair aflutter, 'Where is my pass key? Oh, dear! I've lost my pass key!' There were whispers—you know—that her name was **Ponsford.** Then a very charming little girl came to me, and, although I could understand all languages, this little Miss was my 'faux' for the 'curl' and the 'roll' in her tongue floored me completely. I finally understood that her name was **Jackson.**

In company with Miss Jackson came a quiet (?) personage in whose great brain were solved all the problems of the class, for on **Miss Verrinder's** shoulders rested the weighty responsibility of class president.

Suddenly from one corner of the room there issued the most unearthly noises. On investigation it was proved that **Miss Wilkie** had winked at Matthews and he so completely lost his equilibrium that Miss Fetherstone, growing jealous, had kicked him on the ankle to bring him back to his senses (as well as to herself).

This disturbance over, another arose from an entirely unexpected quarter. **Miss Lorimer** suddenly discovered that the square root of books could be easily found by dividing down the center and extracting one-half from the other. With this knowledge she seized one of **Miss Smith's** books and with 'Holy'—excuse me—'algebraical glee' she started to extract the square roots. Miss Smith resisted this 'burst of knowledge, and the carnage that followed was horrible.

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When the tumult subsided, the toll of casualties reckoned and the remains put in the waste paper basket, peace and quiet reigned once more.

The next was a tall young man from 'Saanich'; he soberly asked me if venir was conjugated with etre. (But I must end in haste for my memory begins to fail me).

There were many others— Misses **Faickney, Hulke, Maynard** and **Impey** impressed me by their deep understanding of all subjects.

Why, there was one that even tried to 'vamp me!' **Miss Pindar** was her name. Her 'life line' told me that she would break many hearts in the course of her trade as hair-dresser and manicurist.

At this point impressions grew dim before me. The man returned and the pupils rushed in terror to their respective seats. My eyes became heavy as if the lids were weighted with lead. I relaxed into a state of semi-consciousness. I remember now faintly that a bell sounded somewhere twice, with short intermissions between. A door creaked open and I heard the shuffling of many feet. Far away a door slammed—things danced dizzily before my eyes. Suddenly darkness fell—silence enveloped everything—I gasped feebly for breath—then swooned.

In the morning when I awoke I was back in my palace; all was as before. I cannot, nor can I expect to fathom this vision, but I can only write it down here as a prophecy. Perhaps in distant ages it may be fulfilled—who knows."

Note: And it was! (with emphasis).

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MATRIC D

Bee Hamilton was displaying her picture in class when one of the boys said, "It's a good picture Bee, who is it?" And now he wonders why she won't speak to him.

Fraser (to telephone operator after searching floor of pay-station): "No, madam, I didn't drop a nickel."

Extract from Daily Colonist: "Student answering to name of McKay, is said by sworn witnesses to have answered in reply to a question, 'Yes ma'am, here is my home work.' Recovery of teacher is expected at any moment.

We wonder who warned Neale to leave his hair ribbons at home.

Speaking of hair, the latest rumor is that Morrison is saving up to get his locks shingled.

We wonder why:

1. Cresswell walked up to the board crab-fashion?
2. Stark carried his book behind him?
3. Coulter was absent the first period the other afternoon?

A Dirge

Thoughts, thoughts, thoughts,
How they rush to my poor tired brain,
And I would that my pen could write
Those lines that I'll n'er hear again.

O well for the studious boy
Who studied while I was at play;
O well for the clever lad
Who always knows just what to say.

And the fateful exams go on,
And many a student looks ill;
But O for the sight of a vanish'd book
And the sound of a voice that is still.

Broke, broke, broke,
So weak I hardly can see,
But the five dollar bill so foolishly paid
Will never come back to me.

(With apologies to Tennyson

"This is my car," exploded the irate tourist to the garage man, "and what I say about it goes! See?"

Man under the machine: "Say engine, mister."

"Who's in there?" called the owner of a chicken coop on a dark night.

"There ain't nobody here 'cept us chickens," an unmistakable African voice replied.

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MATRICE E

Query: What is the difference between Snider and Rose?
Answer: About five feet.

At a recent baseball game.—
Umpire: "Foul here!"
Cute Prelim: "Oh where are the feathers?"
Robertson: "This is a picked team, little one."

Heard in the gym locker room:* * * ! ! ! ! ! * * (signifying something naughty!

Jones: "What's the row about, Bill?"

Bill Locke: "Some big galoot with a 22-calibre brain and a build like a grapevine, insists on using my locker, so that I've got to stand his shoes up on end to get the door closed, and where the blazes am I going to put my pants?"

Dickinson (in geometry): "There are two y's in that figure."
Teacher: "There won't be any too wise next June."

Simpson's new name for Wordsworth's great ode, "Ode on the Intimations of Immorality."

Div. 5 is known as the athletic division of Victoria High School. We have three members of the basketball team, seven of the Rugby team, three of the ice-hockey team, five of the grass-hockey team, six on the football team, three on the rowing crew and five in the gym squad.

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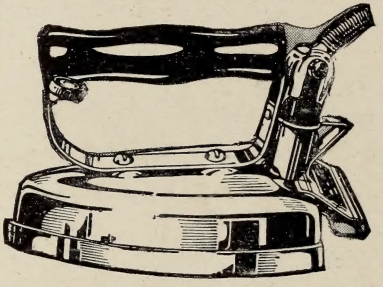

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